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C. C. GOODWIN, - - - - - Editor.  
J. T. GOODWIN, - - - - - Manager.

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## JUST A WORD, SENATOR KEARNS.

You are at home once more, Senator, home, receiving the congratulations of real friends and of those who are anxious to hold up your robes that "thrift may follow fawning."

Do not be deceived, Senator, by this last contingent, or by those who do not tell you that you are a Socrates; that you would have been great had no schoolhouse ever been invented. There is no envy of you by those who do not flatter you. So far as we know, there is not one of them who does not wish you well; not one who does not hope that you will prosper and do all the outside good that you can with the ample means placed in your power. But, Senator, they do not forget that the way you obtained your commission as United States Senator was open to serious criticism.

It was not playing fair with the others who were ready to bid against you for the Senatorship.

When an auction is on it is not fair for the auctioneer to secretly promise a rebate of 50 per cent on all bids made by a particular man or firm. It was not fair to certain members of the Legislature, who hoped that by doing right, as God gave them to see the right, they might make a little stake for their families. An ordinary citizen cannot do good work when his hopes are broken. It is so with statesmen. They must have a little encouragement now and then.

Then it was not fair to the Gentiles, who for many years, without hope of reward, toiled earnestly to so prepare Utah that when it should at last become an American State, it would not have one stain upon its Statehood robes. It was not fair to so excite the cupidity of the then head of the dominant church of Utah, for he had pledged his sacred honor for the perfect integrity and Americanism of his people. It was not fair to the Great Republic that opened its ample arms to you when you came to her a stranded foreigner, and gave you full permission to grasp all the marvelous opportunities that the beautiful land offers a free gift to her children. It was not fair, because the only peaceable protection which the fathers left to make secure the safety of the Republic was an untrammelled ballot, to be wielded only by free and patriotic citizens. Viewed in this light, the way you obtained your seat takes on all the attributes of a crime against the land that has showered upon you so many blessings.

But you are Senator, and now it is but fair to remind you how the people look upon your place and how they construe your privileges. They concede that you should have all the influences which your great office and personal character entitle you to. You have a right to be consulted by your party; you have a right to give your party advice, but it should be open advice, for all the

units in the party to have the advantage of. Your right to help your friends is not questioned. But, Senator, the boss attribute must be eliminated; the secret combining of an unscrupulous machine with an unscrupulous priesthood, to neutralize the efforts and make void the votes of the honest masses, that, Senator, is not within the sphere of your legitimate privileges, and that, if attempted any more, the people will resent. If persisted in it will lead to the overthrow of the political organization of which you, by virtue of your office, should stand at the head. Utah is not going to be Tammanyized, at least, not for any great length of time. You, Senator, are welcome home; your political future ought to be as bright as your present condition is prosperous. It will be easy to make it so if you are strong enough and patriotic enough to use your gifts like a true American.

Mr. John Sparks, who has been nominated for Governor by the Democratic and old-time silver party of Nevada, will be a very hard man to throw down. He is one of Nevada's most sterling citizens, and has the love of everybody.

He is rich in this world's goods, but wealth never made any difference with him except to better enable him to follow the promptings of a generous nature. He has never, that we know of, held any political office, and hence starts in with no enemies to oppose him. He is well-educated, clear-cut as a blood-horse, honest, high-minded, hospitable, whole-souled and has about him that magnetism which draws friends to him from every walk of life. He was born, we think, in Texas, but has been a resident of Nevada for a quarter of a century.

The Republicans will have some very lively work to perform to keep him from being the next Governor of Nevada.

## THE ARMIES.

The labor organizations made a brave parade on Monday. From the beginning the conquests of the world have been made by marching and charging armies; with armies Kings executed their decrees for thousands of years. They went forth with emblazoned standards, waving plumes, prancing steeds, music, with all "pomp and circumstance," but their trails were covered with wreck and death. From the beginning the physical world has been subdued and beautified by the armies of labor. No standards have marked their advance, no music has cheered them on, but in their trails flowers have bloomed and in unsoiled sandals civilization has followed. Whatever changes have come to the rude world from the beginning have been wrought by labor.

Millions of heroes, fighting in these unplumed ranks, have exhausted their lives in the mighty contest; great hearts by millions have broken in the unequal fight and gone into the silence, but Progress has kept pace with the struggle, and because of it the world has grown better. The plumed armies are going into disrepute, the unplumed host is taking on new majesty every day.

At first the laborer was a servant and his occupation was without nobility. But as intelligence increased more and significance deepened around the words "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" until at length the full light dawned and men learned that in all fields wherein man puts forth his exertions, only through earnest la-

bor can any lasting triumphs be won. And now with every year new dignity attaches to labor, no matter what may be its field, until at last the nations recognize that whatever of splendor exists has come of toil.

In the last century there was a new awakening. Science and invention opened new doors; steam and electricity submitted to be harnessed and obediently went into service. They took from men's arms of flesh a thousand burdens and bore them away on arms of steel, until a generation of men accomplishes more now than they did in all the years of Methuselah. More, the chariots in which men travel on land are pillars of cloud by day and pillars of fire by night; the continents have been drawn close together by steam until the deep seas are but ferries and "a girdle has been put 'round about the earth," which gives us each morning the world's history of the previous day. With this have come other advancements until the places are closing against unskilled labor and the demand for higher skilled labor is growing more and more imperative.

This being the situation, it is plain that on each returning Labor Day, the matter most to be considered should be the place of laborers in the world and how they, for themselves and their children, can advance to higher and higher possibilities, until despite all competition the high and the rich will come as suppliants for their services. There is no crowding in the upper stories, and this applies as well to the humblest trade as to the commander of an army. Out of every one hundred blacksmiths there are not more than seven that can shoe a horse well, though one day's study would make clear to all of them exactly how the foot of a horse is constructed and what a smith must do and must guard against doing in putting plates upon it. That is but an instance. The cry everywhere is for more and more excellence, and the best thought of all labor organizations ought not to be how they can best guard their immediate rights, but how they can prepare themselves to meet the obligations of their chosen employments in such a way that the world cannot get along without their help. When that is done no army that every went forth with music and plumes and glorious standards could compare in majesty to the army whose conquests are through toil, whose triumphs are a higher civilization.

A good many Utah farmers continue to plant their pumpkins and watermelons in close proximity. It does not improve the pumpkins; it spoils the melons, for, as among the men and women of Utah, so it is among the vegetables. Many a pumpkin (head) succeeds in marrying far above him, and often the offspring too much resemble the father to be of any use.

This sexual mystery of the vegetable kingdom is most wonderful. Some years ago the late Gov. Stanford of California imported some scores of the finest Smyrna fig trees and planted them on his great Vina farm. They grew magnificently, but never bore any figs. The Governor believed he had been cheated. But two or three years ago a new overseer took charge of the great farm. When he learned about the fig trees he examined them and saw what the trouble was. He sent to the mountains of the Holy Land and obtained some of the wild fig trees that grow there and planted